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WORK AND HABITS

ALBERT
J.
BEVERIDGE

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FROM

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL
OF ECONOMICS

WORK AND HABITS

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BY

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

United States Senator from Indiana

Author of

"THE BIBLE AS GOOD READING"

P H I L A D E L P H I A

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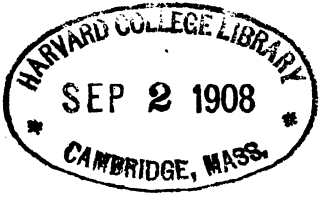

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WORK AND HABITS

WORK AND HABITS

EVERY man's problem is how to be effective. Consciously or unconsciously, the question you are asking yourself is, "How shall I make my strength count for most in this world of effort? And this is the question which every one of us ought to ask himself. But not for the purpose of mere selfish gain; not to get money for the sake of money, or fame for the sake of fame; but for the sake of usefulness in the world; for the sake of helpfulness to those we love; for the sake of all humanity. Selfishness poisons all it touches, and makes all achievement Dead Sea fruit which turns to ashes on the lips.

So the great question, "How shall I make the most of myself?" which every worker in the world is asking, must be nobly asked and

therefore unselfishly asked if you would have it wisely answered. There are two words that solve this query of your destiny, and those two words are "Work" and "Habits."

I am writing to men who toil; and I have reached an age where I consider no one but workers worth while. But by those who toil I do not mean only those who work with their hands. I mean those who work with their brains as well. I mean the engineer who drives a locomotive, but also the inventor who created it; the mason and mechanic who erect a building, and also the thoughtful man who conceived it and the energetic man who made it possible; the printer who puts upon the page the words of useful books, but also the poet who dreams the dreams that printer reproduces, the novelist who enchants our weary hours, the economist who instructs us in the facts of life and the duties of citizenship, and all of that glorious company of brain-workers who uplift, make pure and glorify humanity. I mean the farmer who sows and reaps, but

also the miller who with his well-earned capital grinds the farmer's products into food for the feeding of the people. I mean the banker as much as the drayman; the physician as much as the street-car motorman; the statesman who honestly and faithfully labors to make this nation better as much as the section hand. In short, I mean every man who with mind or muscle toils at the tasks which our common needs bring to each one of us.

The first thing necessary to the doing of good work is that the man who does it shall love his work. Lasting work means loving work. The greatest cathedral on earth is that at Chartres, in France. No man knows its architect or its builders. It was erected according to plans devised by holy men who cared nothing for their own glory but cared everything for the glory of Him whose servants they were. It was builded by thousands of artisans who came from all over France and gave their services without price and even

without record, as an act of worship. The materials were furnished by tens of thousands of peasants, and each stone they contributed was consecrated by prayer and swung to position with the power of a Divine affection. And so the cathedral at Chartres stands, and will forever stand, as the highest type of sacred architecture the world has ever known. Such devotion to our daily tasks is not possible to any of us in the hurried and harried civilization of to-day. We must have bread; we must fill our home with the necessities and comforts of life. Our first business is to make our loved ones happy. Wages, profits and all kinds of money reward for all we do are absolutely necessary. Yet those wages and profits will be higher if we are in love with the work which brings them to us. They will not only be greater, but every cent of them will add to our lives a sweetness and fragrance which the pay that is earned by an unwilling worker never brings. The man who is in love with his work not only gets more for that work,

but his reward goes further in its purchasing power than that of the man who hates the task that brings him his livelihood. The well-earned dollar is a wise dollar; the ill-gotten dollar is a foolish dollar.

Fall in love with your work. That is the first rule for doing your work well. It is also the golden rule of happiness. Fall in love with your work and your labor will bring you joy as well as money.

All the happiness this life affords is found in three things: first, a true relation to God; second, the care of other people; third, the doing with all your might work which you love to do. There is no true and lasting happiness possible from any other source. Neglect God, care nothing for other people, despise your work, and wealth will buy you nothing but misery—power will bring you nothing but heartache. Build your life upon these three foundations and you build your house upon a rock. Build your life on disbelief in God, on selfishness to others, on

hatred of your own work—and you build your house upon the sand.

Every man can be in love with his work if he will always think of how well he can do that work and not how easily he can do it. Let every one of us, as we go about our daily tasks, keep saying to himself every moment, "I am going to do my work so well to-day that to-night I will congratulate myself upon it." That is the way to get others to congratulate you upon it. Win your own intelligent approval in the doing of your work and you will also win the honest approval of your fellow-men. And when a man intelligently approves of himself and his fellow-men approve of him he has made his daily toil yield not only money but also the sweetest fruit of life.

Never say to yourself that your work is too hard; say to yourself instead, "I will do it so well that the very doing of it will make it easy." Never forget that the only real way to do your work easily is to do it well. Never pity yourself. Self-pity begets a sickness of

the soul from which few recover. Never undervalue yourself. Believe in yourself. Believe that you can do your work well, and then make good. Never doubt yourself. Faith in one's self unlocks those hidden powers that all of us have, but that so few of us use. Every man and woman has undeveloped strength undreamed of until emergencies call it forth. Every one of us has been surprised at how much we can do and how well we can do it when we have to do it.

Do not wait for these emergencies to call out the might within you. Realize your assets every day. God has made an investment in every one of us; shall we go to Him when our life is done giving Him no return upon that investment? When He invested in you he meant that you should pay Him dividends in the betterment of the world and helpfulness to your fellow-men. You can do this only by your best work. And your best work is possible only by faith in yourself and by love of your work.

The second practical rule for doing good work yourself is to appreciate and praise the good work of others. Never envy anybody. Jealousy destroys efficiency. The man who spends his strength envying the good work of another man will have little strength left to do good work himself. Get the habit of happiness over other people's success. Practice praising the work of others. It will make your fellow-man happy, but it will make you happier than it makes him. It will encourage him, but it will encourage you more.

In public life, when a man, whether friend or enemy, makes a good fight for a good law or against a bad one, or takes a stand for righteousness or delivers an effective speech for a noble cause, I make it a point to praise that man, not only to the world and to himself, but to praise him in the secret councils of my own soul. I do this as a matter, first, of justice, and, second, of my own spiritual and moral strengthening. When in my own conscience as well as to other people I praise

that man's achievement, I have made my mind and soul stronger for doing my own work; I have fortified my spirit for making my own fights.

But if in my heart I hate him for having done this thing well, I have weakened myself for the doing of my own tasks; I have lessened my own courage for the battles I must wage. The man who secretly envies the good work of a fellow-man secretly despises himself. Jealousy of a fellow-workman means paralysis of your own powers. I said that I praise good work, whether done by friend or enemy; but if any man is my enemy he must do all the hating, for I am too busy to be anybody's enemy. I have no time for hatred.

On the other hand, every one of us should fearlessly condemn bad work and rebuke the bad workman. The man who slights his work; the contractor who uses bad materials when he is paid for good; the public man who neglects to study and master the questions the people have commissioned him to solve; the

banker who gambles with other people's money instead of faithfully guarding it; the lawyer who takes a client's fee and does not painstakingly prepare his case; the editor who deceives the people in the interest of the owner of his paper—in short, every man and woman who accepts wages, profits, salary or any reward for doing work and then does that work as cheaply or as falsely as possible instead of as thoroughly and as well as possible, should be denounced by all good workmen. Such people are frauds; and frauds are the evil weeds of human effort. They should be exterminated as the farmer exterminates the cockle-burs which grow among his corn and take from the earth that nourishment which should go into the golden ear.

Jesus had no unkind word for any human being except for such people as this. You will find in all His teachings nothing but love for every man and woman excepting only the hypocrites. Them He scourges with words of wrath.

WORK AND HABITS

Rules for good work fail without good habits. Habit is the most powerful influence in human life. Shakespeare makes Hamlet say that "Habit is a second nature." Look to your habits as you would look to your life or your honor; for habits hold both life and honor. More men fail in their adventures, more neglect of public duty results, more bad work of every kind is produced by bad habits than by any other cause.

Good habits are the physical basis of good work, just as love of the work is its soul. Ruskin says that no immortal work has been done in the world since tobacco was discovered. Of course, this is not true; but the meaning behind it is true. No man can be at his best whose brain is inflamed by drink or whose nerves are shaken by narcotics. And you must be at your best. More and more, other men are determining to be at their best. If every man is not at his best it is his own fault. Never blame other people for your misfortunes. There is such a thing as luck, and

sometimes men seem pursued by evil fortune; but generally speaking we are the architects of our own failures.

In one of Maeterlinck's wonderful stories he tells of a powerful man of the Middle Ages who conceived great plans and executed them, but always with difficulty. Frequently he almost failed, and succeeded only by superhuman effort. Finally he found that a secret enemy was always working against his most careful plans, neutralizing his most strenuous exertions. As the years passed he determined to find and destroy this enemy. Life was not worth living with this hidden foe forever circling him with difficulties. One evening he went out for a walk. He saw another man approaching him. By that strange instinct which warns us of danger he knew that this man was his lifelong enemy. He resolved to kill him. As he approached, he observed that this man wore a mask. But, conscious that this was the antagonist of his life, he said as they met: "You are the man who from my youth

till now has been pursuing me, thwarting me, almost defeating me. I mean to kill you, but I will give you a chance for your life. Draw and defend yourself." The stranger said, as he drew his sword, "I am at your service, but first see who it is that you would fight." He removed his mask and the man stood *before himself*.

This fable is true of every one of us. More, as his own enemy a man multiplies himself. Where you think an enemy has injured you, look closely, and nine times out of ten you will find yourself in some evil guise. But oftenest you will find yourself in the form of your habits.

If there is any evil in us, bad habits will develop it. And there is evil in all of us. *Put your strength to the test, but never your weakness.* Dare to try the apparently impossible tasks if they are tasks for good; never fear failure—all the world loves a good loser; and when you fail in the right, your defeat is only the beginning of final victory. But fly from

the easiest thing that is wrong; no man knows how far he can withstand it. And remember that we never get so old that the seeds of wickedness will not sprout and grow and bear the fruit of ruin, if watered and nourished by bad habits.

Day by day civilization is demanding more of each one of us — more that is pure and strong. Twentieth-century society tolerates no weakness, no taint in individual worker. To-day every man must be above suspicion. Each one of us must be proof against calumny. Everybody is lied about—sometimes by envy, sometimes by ignorance. Never resent a falsehood about yourself—after all, it is a test of your reputation. Let your life, not your words, be your rebuke of slander. No man with bad habits can do good work. Every man's work speaks for him or against him. Be superior to slander by doing well your work, day in and day out, and remember that perfect habits are necessary to perfect work.

No man with bad habits can do much work

of any kind, or any work of a good kind. Look at a man's work if you would know his habits. A man's habits are known by the work he does. The surest way, but one, of keeping your habits clean is carefully to watch the beginnings of bad habits; for a bad habit has a velvet foot. It steals upon one softly, unawares. First it charms, next masters, then destroys you. In the moral philosophy which I studied in college this illustration was given:

"Neglect your conscience for only two weeks and it begins to disappear; obey its faintest whisper for two weeks and it becomes as delicate as a woman's blush."

The supreme enemy of bad habits is religion. I do not mean that this is necessary. I have known good men who were not religious and bad men who pretended to be religious. But the man who in his heart of hearts as well as in his daily walk believes and practices the Christian faith, is helped by a power outside of himself and above himself.

His whole moral being is vitalized. I do not pretend to say this so much from experience—I wish I might—but I do say it with all my might from observation. The wisdom of Aurelius, Epictetus, Confucius is a tonic to the soul; but the words of Jesus are life itself. As a mere matter of practical success in life, as a mere method of making the most out of himself, I would rather have a son, brother or friend become a thoroughgoing Christian than to have any other single good fortune come to him.

I do not mean that a man shall be religious with his intellect only. It is not enough that he shall be a Christian in his mind alone. *Get your Christianity into your blood.* Such a Christian cannot do poor work or dishonest work. To such a Christian, such work would not only be a fraud upon his employer but a betrayal of his God. The man who has his Christianity in his blood cannot have bad habits. To such a Christian, bad habits would be not only an injustice to himself and a wrong

to wife and children, but an insult to the Master.

"What," said Victor Hugo, "is the grandest thing in the world? The midst of the ocean in a cloudless night. And what is grander than that? The starry heavens. What is grander than the starry heavens? The soul of man." And it is this soul of man, the noblest thing in all the universe, to which the Christian religion speaks. It is to lift ever upward the soul of man that all the world's saints, statesmen and heroes have prayed and thought and perished. It is to make free and give wings to the soul of man that this Christian civilization exists. That men and women shall be better, nobler, every day; that happiness shall be greater; that our country and the world shall steadily become a lovelier place to live in; that righteousness shall prevail is, after all, the purpose of all progress.

MONEY

MONEY

THE first thing you have got to do in this life is to support yourself. The second thing you have got to do in this life is to support a family. The third thing you have got to do in this life is to help other people. When you have done these things you have succeeded.

This division of life's activities is the natural, the ideal one. Everything a man does beyond the mere care of himself, wife and children should directly help other human beings outside of the clan of his own kin. He who has ability and energy more than enough to provide for his own owes that excess of energy and ability to the people. If he uses it for himself or his family he indulges in gross selfishness. He indulges in gross folly, too. But, then, is not selfishness always folly?

Behold the man who, having enough money for himself and all who depend upon him, still masses added millions to that sufficiency merely to satisfy his money-appetite, or to fill the golden reservoir from which his children may drink the pleasing but deadly waters of dissipation. That man does folly. Nature punishes him for it, too. This very excess of wealth destroys his offspring mentally, morally, physically. His children degenerate in ability and moral fiber in the poisoned atmosphere of that "society" to which their wealth invites them.

The successful sons of our vastly rich, the happy daughters of our modern Midases, are so few in number that they are notable. Name me one vigorous, powerful, masterful heir of any historic American money-getter, and I will show you more magazine articles and newspaper sketches about him than you can read in a year. He or she is a curiosity, you see—something so extraordinary that the people are interested.

MONEY

Ordinarily, the man who has amassed wealth with the unwisdom of selfishness, bequeaths to his son, along with the money, a sneering cynicism for all the sound and noble uses to which that wealth can be put. And so these sons and daughters destroy themselves by a life of do-nothingness, an existence foul with cancerous pleasures. Thus, at midlife his children have sucked, from the golden but fatal orange which their father gave them, an *ennui* that drives them to desperation.

I say this much at the beginning to burn in upon your very soul, young man, this profound truth: The making of money for the sake of money is folly, and the very basest and most vicious folly at that.

It is a commercial age, we are told, and so it is. And that is why you should see to it that the dollar never becomes your ideal. You should never think of money as the *real* reward for your life's work or any part of it. Money is not the reward for your work, young man. The work itself is your reward. The

creation of a perfect piece of craftsmanship is your reward. If you are a painter, your picture is your reward. If you are a statesman, the wise law you drafted or the bad one you defeated is your reward. The money that comes from whatever work you do is primarily a measure of that work's excellence, it is true, but really an opportunity for you to do more and better work. But no man will do anything of which he will be proud after a while who says of his task: "There is a noble work completed *—and so many thousands to my bank account.*"

Having hammered it in, then, that the money ideal is a wicked ideal, taking the soul out of your work and beclouding all the sunny happiness of your life, I shall not be misunderstood when I say that the very first thing for a young man to understand is that his very first duty in life is to make money.

Self-support is the first duty of man. You are in no position to help the world until you have demonstrated your ability to help yourself.

MONEY

In proportion as your powers of self-help grow, it is your duty to take on new responsibilities toward others. You see, there must be something upon which your increasing ability to make money can expend itself. Otherwise, it runs riot in destroying habits or in the base passion of the miser.

So, after you have made enough money to live on yourself and are producing a surplus ever so small, the whole of your energies should be devoted to caring for a wife and children and the building of a house. I say the moment you are making the smallest surplus above the amount necessary to support yourself, for I repeat that if you wait for a larger surplus, this excess will begin to expend itself in luxuries which will disintegrate you, body and soul, or else will plant the seeds of greed which will strangle you.

There is only one way to keep you a warm-blooded, sane-minded, living, growing man, and that is to keep your responsibilities just a little bit ahead of your earnings. In that way,

every dollar you make is absorbed usefully, helpfully, happily; and by one of the most beautiful laws of Nature your producing powers are at the same time increased beyond the demands upon them.

In all of us are powers lying latent, or dormant, if you like that word better. One by one they are called into being by the inspiration of our own activities, by the magic of our exercised usefulness to others and to the world. Do not all of us occasionally have flashes of insight into our own capabilities, which a moment before we should have denied and which, the moment after we have thus briefly seen them, appear too good and extraordinary to be real? There is positively no limit to the powers of the human mind. For example, we all look upon a given situation and say that a certain thing cannot be done, that it is humanly impossible; and yet, when we are put right up to that very situation we ourselves perform that impossible thing.

Thus the mind, the character and all the

powers of them keep growing, expanding. Thus our manhood and our womanhood become larger, stronger, nobler, simpler; and we undertake things which to the flabby-muscled and timid-souled appear to be the very recklessness of daring, but which to the man or woman with developed powers are not even unusual, but merely natural and inevitable.

But, mark you, such development can never come from the money ideal. It can come only from the helpful ideal. And so it is that you must keep your responsibilities to others always just a little bit ahead of your income instead of keeping your income ahead of your responsibilities. This will appear questionable only because the old idea has been that of Iago: "Put money in thy purse, Roderigo"; and the old idea has been that the measure of merit is money.

But the measure of merit is not money; at least the measure of merit is no longer money. That is one of the crude things that we have outgrown. We are living in the twentieth

century now, and not in the days of Shylock. The measure of merit to-day is achievement. The twentieth-century measure of manhood is human helpfulness.

That is why it is that we no longer respect vast wealth in and for itself. It is not even distinguished to be a millionaire any more. A bright man in Washington coined the phrase "poor rich trash" for all the wealthy inhabitants of that town who have less than ten million dollars. It is not particularly notable, you know, to have less than ten millions. It is not even notable to have more than ten millions.

The millionaire is getting to be quite commonplace.

When a man or a family gets up to one hundred millions or more they then become a curiosity—a sort of monstrous by-product of our industrial civilization. The only way such a person can, in these days, win the favorable regard of his fellow human beings is by making his money do helpful things for the rest of humanity. His millions alone do not give him

the *entrée* even to our respect, much less to our admiration.

The phrase "vulgar millions" has crept into our common speech, and it will disappear only when the new and modern conception of private wealth shall have worked its beneficent results and made all millionaires nothing more than the managers of trust funds for the betterment, not of themselves or their immediate families, but of the race.

A fifty-millionaire may build a palace on Fifth Avenue; but that does not make us even respect him. We get on top of a 'bus, or one of the "Seeing New York" motor-cars, and glance at these structures as we pass, usually with good, sound, hearty contempt in our American hearts, and say: "For heaven's sake! What did he do that for?"

Or another of this crowd may go to England, buy his or her way into so-called aristocratic circles, entertain a decadent portion of the nobility, get his or her name in the columns of the newspapers (for we like to read

about the antics of our irresponsible rich), and the common American is not impressed the least bit.

Would it not be well for foreigners to know that we Americans do not consider the gilded wanderers from this country, to which the nobility of Europe pays so much attention, as Americans at all. They are not the least bit typical of this fine, free, vital, vigorous, honest American people. Perhaps their fathers were, or, at the furthest, their grandfathers. For these immediate ancestors of our inheritors of vast riches were mostly hard-working, God-fearing, simple folk, fresh from the soil, laying, with their vigorous intellect, fearless hearts and granite muscles, the foundation of the fortunes which their commonplace descendants are squandering in Europe.

No! The only way in which the master of millions can earn the respect and attention of the humblest American is by using his wealth to help his fellow-man; and the regard of the

common men and women of our country is worth a good deal more to these very millionaires than anything else in the world, for none of us liveth to himself.

Do we not see this demonstrated in the growing fashion of practical and systematic philanthropy among our very rich men? One builds libraries which will endure for centuries; another endows universities, whose growth will make them in a few years respectable rivals of many foreign institutions of learning, and which in the distant future will reach far beyond the calculation of any mind in their permanently increasing usefulness to the race. Still another erects mighty cathedrals, such as Emerson describes in his inspired poem, "The Problem"—places of worship where for all time the humblest and the loftiest may find common manhood and kinship in their common worship of the common Father of us all; a fourth changes a wilderness into a material paradise, making gardens of its swamps, and of its hills and dales a fairy-

land; a fifth pours out his wealth to turn the wheels of some great world-work.

Cynicism with its unwisdom has explained these generosities of the sordid, these benefactions of what the world has believed and Mr. David Graham Phillips so cuttingly called, our "master rogues," as the contributions of the criminal to placate the Furies and stay the resistless and never-failing hand of Retribution. But this is not the explanation. It is the rich man's obedience to the growing modern ideal of money—it is his agreement with the increasing popular conviction that, though a man may not be criminal in the accumulation of his wealth, he becomes criminal when he does not use that wealth for the benefit of his race.

And this is a new ideal. Heretofore, the belief has been that wealth should be accumulated for the man's family and his children. The old notion was that a man might do what he would with his fortune; but that concept is passing away so rapidly that it has now almost disappeared.

Beyond a certain point, a man cannot use his wealth for his family or himself. That point passed, he must use his riches for his fellow-man. This is the twentieth-century ideal of money. This is the belief which has already become a fixture in the minds and hearts of the American millions. And it is an unconscious obedience to that Higher Voice that secretly speaks to the soul of every man—that more and more is making our American millionaires practical and philanthropic distributors of their accumulations for aiding and uplifting Americans whom they never saw and future generations yet unborn.

Thus it is that *the day of the private fortune is past.* There are no private fortunes any more. There never can be private fortunes again as that term was understood one hundred years ago, fifty years ago, ten years ago. When a man makes money in excess of all possible honorable uses to which he and his family can put that money, his fortune ceases

to be a private fortune, just as the man himself ceases to be a private citizen.

He could not help this if he would. We could not help it if we would. All the newspapers in the country could not help this condition. If Congress and every State in the Union were to pass laws in addition to the ones already in existence on private property, the *private fortune as heretofore understood could never again be restored.* For the man who is rich to excess becomes by that very fact a public man.

The man in the street and in the furrow, the good women who make heavenly the common homes of the republic, the street-car drivers, the merchants, the miners who dwell in darkness that we may have light, the sailors on the high sea, and every manner and condition of man and woman, want to know about this man. They want to know what he is doing with his wealth.

No matter whether they ought to want to know about this or not—it is the law of the

human mind that they *do* want to know about it. And so the excessively rich man has focused upon him the attention of millions upon millions of his fellow human beings among whom he lives. This concentrated searchlight never leaves him. These eighty millions know about him, know what he is doing, believe they know what he ought to do.

All this creates a condition which is not alone psychological, although that would be powerful enough. This steady, unvarying intent and intense attention which eighty millions of people are giving to the excessively rich among them is a concrete, definite, practical thing which the Crœsus must take into account whether he will or no.

More and more he is taking it into account. More and more he is doing what the millions of his fellow-citizens think he ought to do, and what, in reality, he ought to do, with his wealth. More and more he is conforming to the modern and Christian ideal of wealth. And so every year and every day he

is coming to be less and less the owner of a private fortune and more and more the trustee of a public fund.

I say that rich men are being forced to conform to this ideal by public opinion. Your wealthy man cannot get the world's approving recognition in any other way. And after all, the approbation of one's fellow human beings, either now or in the future, is the most powerful influence that moves the souls of men.

"When I am gone, I want my fellow-men to say that I did something with my wealth to make this old world better," said one of the world's richest men. Here was posthumous public opinion working on this thousand-handed money gatherer.

Public opinion! There is no human force at all equal to it. When statesmen write a new law for a nation they create nothing—they merely make a note of crystallized public opinion. The mass of the statutes of all nations are practically identical. And what are they? The mere setting down in words of

the permanent convictions at which the race has arrived. This same public opinion controls the making of war, directs the conduct of armies, determines the conclusion of peace.

If you tell me there are rich men who are indifferent to public opinion, I answer that such men are already degenerate, and the processes of Nature will soon destroy them and their names from the face of the earth, just as the same processes dissipate their fortunes. It is only men who are great enough and broad enough to understand the ideal this chapter presents, and who are strong enough to feel the psychological force of the thought of their eighty millions of fellow-citizens, and who are wise enough to understand the concrete, tangible, business conditions which that thought of the millions creates, who will be able either to increase their wealth or to hold on for any length of time to even a small portion of what they have.

The one great lesson of history is that,

through all the ages, mankind has steadily struggled upward toward the light, and that the mind and conscience of myriads of millions of human beings on this earth have in themselves the curative properties for all our human wrongs. And so I think that every human evil will, of itself, right itself in the end. The very movement which this chapter has been observing shows the growth of an ideal; shows how the over lords of wealth are being forced, in spite of themselves, to conform to that ideal; and all without a single law upon the statute-books, all by force of that mysterious but irresistible power—humanity's common and concentrated thought.

No man can say that finally this twentieth-century ideal of money will not be written into law. If the masters of wealth become the servants of that ideal, it will not be written into law, because it will not need to be written into law. But if they resist the ideal, if they cling to the medieval doctrine that what a man

shall do with his wealth is nobody's business but his own, then this thought of the universal mind will some day crystallize into statutes; and we shall have either the accumulation of great fortunes prevented by law or their management so directed by law that they shall serve the country from which they were drawn and the people from whose necessities they were made. So go right ahead and make money, young man—

> Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Nor for a train attendant;
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent.

Yes, go ahead and make money—that's your first duty; but understand that the modern ideal of money robs it of its old-time and sordid value—gives it a new and nobler value. Understand that, in this twentieth century, money-lust will spell your ruin. Understand that the modern ideal demands the use of your excess abilities for your fellow-man.

When you get this thoroughly into your consciousness you will think every day, as you work at building up your business, that the building of it is not the erection of a mere money machine, but the development of an industry where fellow human beings can work at their best; where the powers of your employés are being constantly developed and their lives daily sweetened; where the whole power of the enterprise over which you preside is for the uplifting of all who have anything to do with it.

And remember, finally, that the profits which come to you from your business—over and above what is necessary for yourself, your wife and your children, and what remains after reinvesting in your plant for its proper development—must be administered as a trust fund for the nation of which you are a part and under whose beneficent institutions your God-given abilities have had free play. For the man of large powers must remember that those powers are not his. Who deserves any

credit for having a master mind? Not *you,* most certainly. God gave you your resourceful intellect, you who by virtue of it rule your fellows. God gave you that intrepid will, those magnificent lungs, that mighty heart. Your wealth of mental and physical power is not of your own making. They are the equipment with which the Almighty has endowed you.

Very well! do you imagine that He made you a king among men for your own sake? No! He gave you your gifts to use as a sacred trust for the benefit of our common humanity. And he who uses for his own selfish purposes the mind and will and character given him by the All-Father in trust for his fellow-man not only robs his brothers for whom he is trustee, but he cheats the great Ruler of the Universe Himself who bestowed these talents upon this disloyal servant.

I would have every young man who is going out into life in this money age get these views firmly in his heart as a part of

his living creed. Yes, and I would have every man, young and old, who is the possessor of excess wealth, ponder deeply this twentieth-century ideal of money which has taken hold of the mind and conscience of the American people. For be sure, O lords of wealth, that, unless you do conform to the thought of these millions and use your great abilities to administer your vast accumulations for human helpfulness, the people will make you do, by written law, what they have failed to make you do by their unspoken thought.

THE VICIOUS FEAR OF LOSING

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ONE night in Washington a group of gentlemen sat talking about the tremendous moral *renaissance* that was then uplifting the nation, and were saying that it was akin to the other great spiritual and moral revolutions which have so often moved the Christian world. It was observed that the people are ahead of Congress; that Congress appears to be forced, by accumulating public opinion, to make those advances in legislation necessary to keep the statute books of the republic abreast of the thought and conscience of the country; and the curious phenomenon was noted that, even where a reform is well under way, a sudden right-about-face upon some salient feature will often occur, and a majority of Congressmen and Senators will be found

taking a contradictory position in a sort of sheeplike panic.

This was putting it far too strongly, of course; the nation's legislators stand by their guns fairly well. And yet in these sudden linings-up on phases of legislation contrary to the spirit of the law which is being enacted, is found one of the chief difficulties in securing consistent, unspoiled and unmutilated laws which the necessities of business and the safety of the people require. And the explanation of this is found in that peculiar mental and spiritual cowardice inherent in human character.

The vicious fear of losing is the greatest obstacle to the passage of needed laws with which the practical and fearless legislator has to contend.

"My observation," said one of the company who were discussing this question, "extends over twenty years. And what that observation teaches me is that we have too many 'winners' in American public life, and too few

'losers.' What this country needs in its national legislation is more good 'losers' and fewer 'winners;' what we need is more men who are perfectly willing to be defeated in a fight, rather than to yield on essential points, just because their constituents will be told that they have been beaten if they do not yield.

"Whenever the capable manager or manipulator of legislation gets almost a majority he immediately makes it clear to the weak-kneed ones that they will lose if they do not come with him. And there is at once a scampering for 'the band-wagon.' Most of the weaklings have no particular conviction one way or the other—their chief desire, and almost their sole thought, is how to remain in public life. And, by some strange process of instinct, rather than reasoning, they think they cannot keep in public life if they are defeated. So over they go to what they are told is almost sure to be 'the winning side.'"

The man who said this was perhaps as capable an observer of events as any living

American; and, to those familiar with the process of legislation, his words strike fairly in the center of one of the most serious evils and difficulties in securing such practical legislation as is needed by the people.

The best evidence of this is in the question which the shrewd Washington correspondents, who are observing the process of a legislative battle, always ask when things have come to a head. "This means that So-and-So got beaten, doesn't it?" is their question—or: "Then So-and-So lost out, did he?" or, "Then So-and-So wins, does he not?" We are not very far away from the primal man, after all; for the correspondents' point of view is pretty nearly the point of view of us all.

What we want to know of our hero is: "Did he win or lose?" We have no very particular thought as to *what it was* that he won or lost.

We see this in the fevered anxiety of men in public life as to what their papers at home shall say of them. An unfriendly newspaper thinks

it can do a public man no greater harm than prominently to display the fact that he has lost a battle. It believes that it can do its favorite no greater favor than to state that "Mr. So-and-So *wins*."

I remember seeing, not very long ago, in a far Northwestern paper very unfriendly to a man of that section, an article to the effect that the politician in question had "lost out." This was supposed to hurt him with the other politicians of his party. The truth was, however, that, although this man had apparently lost, he had in reality won.

Another newspaper which, for personal and peculiar reasons, was childishly in favor of a certain Congressman for whose interests it was necessary to chronicle a victory, headed a dispatch: "So-and-So *victorious*"—and the dispatch proceeded to show how he had won a tremendous victory in a bitter fight. As a matter of fact, this second man had won nothing, *had proposed nothing, had done nothing* and *had had no fight.* It was merely thought

necessary, however, to represent that he had *"won"* something or other.

The point to all this is that the question which is uppermost in the minds of the rank and file of public men is that in no circumstances must they appear to lose, no matter what it is they lose; and that at all hazards they must appear to win, no matter what it is they win, or whether, in fact, they win at all. The greatest moral vice of our present-day public man is *the vicious fear of losing.* It is far greater than the vice of bribery, of which hardly any exists, if indeed there is any. It is far greater than the ownership of public men by interests and corporations, of which there is not a great deal. For it is the weakness on which the manipulators of legislation play with greater effect than upon all other resources at their command.

"I will fight to the bitter death for this provision," said a certain Congressman, in discussing a certain provision of a bill, over which there was an unusually bitter contest and which

was finally adopted. Yet, three days later, the same man said: "Look here, boys, it seems to me that they have got us beat."

"What of that?" said a more sturdy colleague.

"Oh, well," said this valiant Congressman, "I cannot afford to get licked. I do not purpose *to be on the losing side.*"

And, sure enough, he turned up against the very provision which, but three days before, he so fiercely championed. He had not changed his opinion at all. He had merely calculated that he would be on the losing side if he was for that provision, and he felt that it was necessary, at all hazards, to appear to his constituents to be on the winning side. He was seized with the vicious fear of losing. That was all. But, as it turned out, that very feature of the bill was adopted, after all!

Decidedly, we have too many "winners" and too few "losers" in American public life; too many men who simply have not the nerve to read in the morning paper that they have been

beaten; too few men who are willing to march right up to guns for the cause which they believe to be right.

I do not mean by this that a man ought to sacrifice a measure which is in peril by not yielding on any point. Legislation, of course, is a practical matter. Take some great reform bill vital to the nation, such as the railway rate bill; or even more, the meat inspection bill; or the pure food bill; or the statehood bill, etc. The man who fights for measures like these ought to fight to the last gasp for the whole bill. And yet, if, at the last moment, the opposition is strong enough to defeat the *whole measure* unless its champion yields on some minute point, he is a traitor to the reform for which he fights if he sacrifices the substance of the bill to the detail.

Let him get the principle of the bill, if necessary, by yielding the details. Of course, if the detail itself involves the principles vital to the *whole reform,* then he ought to go down in defeat rather than surrender a line or a let-

ter. But the philosophy of compromising, which involves concessions sometimes even to corrupt interests rather than to a sacrifice of the salient features of a measure, is far removed from the vicious fear of losing which makes legislators yield to superior numbers.

A few years ago a certain prominent public man, who is a careful observer of the trend of public opinion, calculated that the anti-imperialists were about to win, and accordingly he said in a speech that the Philippines were a frightful burden, a great mistake—and various other brilliant and quotable things. Within one month, however, the same man became convinced that the settled determination of the American millions was to hold the Philippines. He lost no time, then, in getting on to that patriotic band-wagon, and a ringing speech was made, filled with the loftiest eloquence about our duty toward our oriental wards and our determination under God to hold forever that splendid archipelago, the door of the Orient, to whose entrance we had been providentially di-

rected and in which we were forever established.

Strange to say, the eloquence of this speech was real. It rang true. It voiced the man's real convictions. I have seldom listened to a finer piece of oratory. It was all the finer because he had made up his mind that the public opinion of the country was precisely what his own private opinions were. But the reason he had changed position was that, in the first instance, he had estimated that the anti-imperialists would win, and, in the second instance, he had made up his mind that the patriotic view would prevail. He was compelled to do right, not by his conscience, or judgment, or statesmanship, but by the vicious fear of losing.

But, after all, are these weak-kneed public men—these "winners"—so much to blame? Do we not here perceive a national fault? Is it not true that we Americans have come to worship success more than righteousness? "Nothing succeeds like success"—that is our

shallow and materialistic epigram. Of course it is not true. He who makes "success, and nothing but success" his program through life, will find the inevitable Waterloo at the end of his career.

The truth is that *nothing succeeds but the right.*

For example, nearly every great reform was defeated at first. We forget that Wendell Phillips, while making an anti-slavery speech, was hooted in Faneuil Hall. His cause triumphed in the end, and, of course, Phillips and all of his great company are heroes now. Oh, yes, to be sure—heroes *now!* But hooted yesterday. There was Lincoln, too. Douglas beat him. He "got licked." And he "got licked" on purpose, too. Mr. Churchill, in "The Crisis," tells the story of how the tempter came to Lincoln during that great debate and showed him the certainty of winning the Senatorship if he would adopt a certain policy. But Lincoln was not speaking to win the Senatorship.

I am thoroughly against Mr. Bryan's political ideas. But what American fails to admire his dauntlessness? I remember once reading, in a famous New York paper, a brilliant article by a celebrated correspondent, describing "the downfall of Bryan." How this correspondent pitied him! How clearly he pointed out the folly of Mr. Bryan's standing by his obsolete convictions, with the certainty of "losing out," rather than fall in with the powers that were then in control and becoming the hero of his party! Oh, yes, Mr. Bryan was "done for." But the heroism of Mr. Bryan's willingness to be politically riddled strengthened him more with his followers than a thousand successes.

Undoubtedly Theodore Roosevelt has faced more incidents of that sort than any man now prominent in American public life. He has faced defeat, he has even invited defeat, so often that he is now probably unconscious of the power of the forces which he challenges. But Roosevelt has *the luck of the chosen,*

the fortune of the true man of destiny. Mr. Bryan has a courage equal to Mr. Roosevelt's, but Mr. Roosevelt is fortunate in championing the right side at the *right time.* There is a song: "I want what I want *when* I want it." It is important to be right at the right time. Mr. Roosevelt's strategy is equal to his courage, and, in addition to that, he has the luck which seems to attend those whom the Fates ordain as their ministers.

To my mind there is nothing in our recent national life so inspiring as the new spirit of righteousness that is again reasserting itself among the American millions—the old martyr-spirit that makes individuals and peoples worth while; the spirit of '76 and '64; the spirit that is willing to lose while battling for what ought to be rather than to win for what is. I shall hail the day when the American people will lift on their shoulders the man who dares to lose in their interests, rather than the man who

merely wins regardless of whether what he wins is good for the people or not.

Naturally, these "winners" always try to make it appear that they have "won" in the people's interest. No doubt they would prefer to win in the people's interest, but that is not their first consideration. Their first consideration is to "win"—just to "w-i-n"—and win at all hazards—or, rather, *not to appear to lose.* It is all a question of "saving one's face."

But there is one type of public man even more hurtful to the public interests than the "winner." This is the *man who fears to make a record* on anything, and who tries to avoid all possible conflict between principle and conditions, between the right thing that ought to be and the wrong thing that is. Such a man keeps out of sight *until* the issue is determined and the verdict rendered. *Then* he comes forward as having been all along upon the side which prevails. These foxlike people do not stand for anything except themselves.

They have neither the courage nor the merit of those brave, strong men who frankly stand up and battle with vigor, fearlessness and ability in favor of private interests as against public interests—many of these former are honest and, in a way, admirable. But the velvet-footed ones are secretly aiding the powers that be because the powers that be have resources ready at hand and can either reward or punish public men. On the other hand, the people, if too often thwarted, indulge in their revenges also, and, therefore, it is the creed of these self-servers in public life not openly to offend either the people or the interests.

But the "winners" are not bad at all at heart. They are not corrupt. They are not especially craven. They are merely victims of the vicious fear of losing. They are adherents to our national religion of Success. They are victims of the popular passion for victory. Nor do I want to be understood as rebuking this American spirit that demands achievement. I

am only insisting that this spirit shall be exalted and glorified by a care for the methods by which victory is achieved and, above all, the purpose for which the fight is waged. I would have the average American come to look upon success in an unrighteous cause as worse than defeat, but I would also have him feel that this very Americanism demands that he shall fight for a cause unyieldingly, ceaselessly and forever, never knowing when he is "licked."

Therefore, I would banish from the breast of my countryman *the vicious fear of losing.* I would eliminate from his soul the admiration for that kind of victory which merely prevails over an opponent, no matter whether that victory was won for the right or the wrong. I would have this people return to that spirit which glorified the beginnings of the republic and which, in the teeth of kings and in the face of overwhelming armies, flung its denial to the theory that "might makes right." It was upon that denial that our fathers marched

to the field of battle and gave to the world the splendid story, first of Valley Forge, but, finally, of Yorktown.

All forward movements have their Valley Forge, but inevitably, in the end, they have their Yorktown, too. They all have their Bull Run in the beginning, but, in the end, they have also their Appomattox.

Let us require not only public men, but also ourselves, to live up to those sayings of our great ones which make our history and thrill our blood to-day:

"I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

"Don't give up the ship."

"I have only begun to fight."

But let us be sure we always say these things only for the right. Paul Jones was defeated. His ship was shot to pieces, in flames and sinking, but, shouted this typical American, "I have only begun to fight!" Paul Jones was fighting for the right.

Lawrence was dying, but that was little or

nothing to him. He was not concerned that he had given his life for his country. Rather he gloried in that fact. But "Don't give up the ship," exclaimed he as his brave heart stopped beating. Lawrence was fighting for the right.

Grant had seen thousands of the best troops that ever charged to death mowed down before the enemy's guns. He was denounced as a butcher, a drunkard, an obstinate fool. But, said he: "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." And that one sentence meant victory for the Union. Grant was fighting for the right.

A crowd of men in House and Senate had resolved to resist a certain foolish and harmful measure. When the struggle had hardly begun, before the outposts had exchanged shots, one of the men came to his comrades and said: "I hear everybody over here is against us on this thing. Let us drop it. *We cannot afford—to lose.*"

But the cause was not dropped. The faint-hearted one was dropped, but the cause was not dropped. It won—won splendidly. And it won not more on account of its merit than because of the stout-heartedness of the few faithful ones who believed that there is such a thing in this world as conviction, such things as right and wrong.

I do not mean to counsel foolhardiness. That is as absurd in legislative life as it is in military life. Where you have fought a good fight and have actually secured important positions, and where continuance of the struggle means the probable loss of the positions gained, you are the merest child of folly if you insist on taking that hazard. Such conduct indicates bravado and not bravery. Where such a struggle has resulted in substantial victory, and where further fight means the possible loss of the ground already gained, there let the battle close, secure the ground already won, and then *another day take up the contest* for the remainder—all this, of course, unless yielding

means to yield a *principle,* and, in that event, there is nothing to do but to fight to the last gasp and go on record, knowing that although you are in the minority to-day you will be in the majority to-morrow.

AMERICAN CHARACTER ILLUSTRATED BY WASHINGTON

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THE purpose of civilization is *character.* The building up of commerce, the perfection of arts, the development of science, the growth of law and the bringing of great masses of human beings beneath the sway of common rules of action—all these are noble phases of the evolution of the race. But greater than all these, and the composite result of all, is human character.

When we speak of Washington we speak of character. And, after all, this is the subject that most concerns each individual human being. All of us are interested in the building of the nation, in the foreign affairs of the republic, in those vast domestic problems which now are compelling the wisest thought,

highest courage and most unselfish patriotism of the American people and their statesmen. But to each of us, character is the most important. The vital question of what we are, should be, may be, and therefore the infinite subject of our individual existence and personal destiny now and for all time, enters into the lives of each one of us every hour of every day, every day of every year.

A great man is merely the highest type of a people's character. He gathers unto himself the permanent thought of the masses. He is the composite personality of the millions. And so when we speak of Washington as our greatest American, we merely picture the highest type of the American people. He rose to the command of the American armies; he was the master worker in erecting the government; he became the first President of the republic. And he did all this by sheer power of character. The colonies had abler statesmen, soldiers as brilliant, politicians infinitely more adroit; but he was the first in character. And

so he became the largest influence of his times for good—"first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

In considering the character of Washington, the thought is compelled that, first of all, he was a Christian; that the religion of the Saviour was the most powerful element in his life; and that the government of which he was the chief founder was and is a Christian republic. That is a fact which men forget in the hurry of trade and war's alarms and the laughter of prosperous peace; but it is the most vital truth in our national existence. George Washington wrought with religious fervor to make the nation, whose destinies his consecrated hands chiefly shaped, a nation whose God is the Lord.

The sublimest figure in American history is Washington on his knees at Valley Forge. He was in that hour and place the American people personified, not depending on their own courage or goodness, but asking aid from God, their Father and Preserver. Washington knew

that morals are priceless, but he knew that morals are from within. And so he knew that in that dread day when all, save courage, had forsaken the American arms, appeal must be to that Power beyond ourselves eternal in the heavens, which after all, in every crisis of the lives of men and nations, has been their surest source of strength.

Men and nations go forward in their prosperous days boastfully content with their well-fed and often narrowly righteous lives. Men and nations in these fruitful periods of their existence glory in their strength and even in their goodness. But the strength is intoxication; the righteousness is conventionality. Fate, that schoolmaster of the universe, brings to such men and nations her catastrophes. And in an instant their proud tongues are still, their arrogant hearts humbled, and they learn the great truth that enduring power and peace come not from within, but from the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

George Washington knew that. That is

why he made the snows of Valley Forge his altar and on his knees asked aid from Him whom the enemy had forgotten. The British trusted in numbers and munitions—in infantry, cavalry, artillery. Washington trusted in these things, too; but also he trusted in the God of men and nations. And Washington won.

Yes, but that was in his hour of weakness, distress and want. But when victory confirmed the Declaration of Independence and we became a separate people; when finally patriotism's loftiest dreams were realized and out of the years of failure and discord that succeeded the Revolution, the Constitution of the United States appeared, and the government of the republic began its immortal life with George Washington as its first President—did he then remember the power to which he appealed when famine and treason and death surrounded him? Listen to these words with which he opened his first inaugural—his first formal declaration as President of the American people:

"It would be peculiarly improper to omit in

this first official act my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aid can supply every human defect, that His benedictions may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes. . . . In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow-citizens at large no less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Inevitable Hand which conducts the affairs of men more than those of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency."

And in his first Thanksgiving proclamation he acknowledges "the interpositions of God's providence in the Revolutionary War."

To the Jews of America Washington wrote: "May the same wonder-working Deity, who long since delivered the Hebrews from their Egyptian oppressors and planted them in the promised land, whose providential agency has lately been conspicuous in establishing these United States as an independent nation, still continue to water them with the dews of heaven and to make the inhabitants of every denomination participate in the temporal and spiritual blessings of that people whose God is Jehovah."

Like a heroic figure of the ancient days he seems—the days when men were great enough to believe undoubtingly. Not Moses, the law-giver supplicating on the sacred mountain for worldly wisdom from divine sources; not Joshua, the warrior, or Gideon, the hero, smiting with the sufficient sword of an unquestioning faith; not Daniel, unshaken amid disaster with certain understanding that when the just punishment of his people should be fulfilled, golden days would come again—not

these nor any of these mighty headlands of the race were surer of the heavenly origin of all real power, real wisdom and real worth than was this primal man, who in the common speech of the American millions, is called the Father of His Country.

George Washington believed in Providence, and said so. He believed that we Americans are God's people, and that this nation was fashioned by the Almighty Hand for divine purposes in the ongoing of the world, and said so. To this simple and sublime belief he gave constant and fervent voice. He did not fear the large and noble destiny which this conception of his country produced. He did not believe that he was fighting to found a pigmy republic, unable to enjoy liberty's blessings or to discharge liberty's vast and ever-growing duties. No! Washington believed that the American people, whose feet the Ruler of the Universe had set upon the paths of liberty, would grow in power and righteousness as they moved forward, broadening their influence

with each day's march and blessing every land and every race which that spreading influence touched, until the divine purposes for which this nation was established should be accomplished. And so believe the American people, whose type and personification George Washington was and is.

But this stainless one was fiercely assailed. How strange that mankind will abuse its saints and heroes living, and exalt them dead! God never gave the world a character so noble that calumny did not try to blacken it. Even the Master was slandered, then crucified, then worshiped. And George Washington did not escape. It is a singular circumstance that most of the maligners of the great and good have been educated men, skilled writers, trained intellects. Witness the scribes and Pharisees. Not from the masses of the people—sweet and pure themselves—come these base suggestions about mankind's noble ones. No! the people — true themselves — usually estimate aright these servants of the race. But those in whom

a superculture has eaten from the soul the natural, the generous and the good, leaving only artificiality and envy and bitterness—these have been in all countries and all times the ideal agents of those who, for selfish purposes, have slandered upright men.

This was true of Washington. They said his religion was hypocrisy, his immovable determination a fixed selfishness, his patriotism a sham. They said he was a politician, and that for the purpose of power he linked himself with the infamous and the vile. It is hard, to-day, to believe that such charges were made against this greatest of Americans, whose splendid fame shines across the century, as it will forever shine across all centuries, with pure and increasing radiance.

Yet these are only specimens of the slanders published against George Washington in a desperate attempt to break the people's faith in him. *The National Gazette,* edited by the accomplished Philip Freneau, and owned by a powerful public man, who hated Washington,

reeked with suggestion, insinuation and positive charge. Pamphlets written with a finished art were scattered broadcast, flaming with denunciation. Listen to an editorial typical of many like it, published when Washington was President:

"Mr. Washington obtained character upon trust. . . . As Mr. Washington has become treacherous even to his own fame, what was lent to him as a harmless general must be withdrawn from him as a dangerous politician. . . . When we strip from him the borrowed plumage which he has so long worn with an apparent innocence, it is solely because he has chosen to associate himself with birds of prey."

And here is another in a different vein:

"Posterity will in vain search for any monuments of wisdom in your administration. You are inordinately fond of flattery. Indirect praise is to you the language of sincerity."

These wreckers of character wrote that Washington was debauched; that he was a schemer using his high office for personal ad-

vantage. Those whom Washington appointed to office were called "a corrupt squadron" until the phrase became famous. In all these storms and tempests of abuse, which never ceased while he remained in public life, George Washington stood immovable and silent. To his friends he raged as any honest man must do. But before the people whom his slanderers sought to influence he was mute. To his near ones he declared: "I would rather be in my grave than endure this any longer."

But he scorned to defend himself with the weapons of those who attacked him. He refused to deny falsehood—refused to state his side of the case, and amid the clamor of misrepresentation and abuse he remained dumb as the voiceless and patient stars. He had faith in the wisdom of the people. He believed that time and events—those unfailing judges of all men and all things—would answer his defamers more surely and convincingly than could he or any other human agency. Not in desperate battle, not in fateful council did

Washington show such Christian fortitude as when, to those who sought to ruin his administration, defeat his plans, blacken his reputation, he gave the splendid answer of complete and utter silence. But it was not a free press that vilified George Washington; it was a purchased press, published not in the interests of the people but for the purposes of its owner.

The dearest hope of Washington was that the American people should be a righteous nation—next to that, a peaceful people. Public utterances, private letters, all the words of this typical American counsel three things supremely—righteousness, nationality, peace. Yet this most pacific soul of his time and country was also the greatest warrior of his time and country. It is one of those strange paradoxes in which the deepest truth is sometimes found that men who hate conflict most are yet the most relentless fighters of the world. The two sentences of Ulysses S. Grant that reveal his character and will live forever are these: "Let us have peace," and this other,

"I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It is that high type of character which loves peace so well and hates war so well that it will sacrifice, compromise, yield up to a point where honor is reached, and then fight with a willingness that is almost joy, with an abandon that braves all consequences, with a determination that knows no weakening.

Such a man was William the Silent. Such was Cromwell. Such was the great commander of our Civil War. Such are those unconquerable spirits sometimes found in political and civil life. Such is that splendid American whose character is typical of the highest and best in American life and aspiration, Theodore Roosevelt. And such peculiarly and supremely was Washington. Working, planning, praying for peace through all his life, yet all his life he was on some field of battle.

And in warfare it was his fate from youth to age to lead forlorn hopes. It is as curious as it is inspiring that, from that time in his youth when he surrendered Fort Necessity to

the French he never entered a contest that did not seem impossible to ordinary men. He never planned a campaign that did not begin in disaster, continue in defeat, and ripen into victory only after limitless courage and effort.

This is an American quality. We Americans, as individuals and as a nation, want peace more than all else in this world but honor. But when this may not be had, we Americans, as individuals and as a nation, make battle the business of our lives, find encouragement in defeat, food in hunger, inspiration for continued struggle in every fresh disaster. That courage is mere intoxication which increases on success; that courage is sublime which waxes strong and joyous in temporary defeat. The world and fate itself cannot down such dauntlessness as that. And that is the hero quality of the American blood. It is the quality which makes each of us in our daily lives know that every apparent misfortune is only destiny's test of our quality and worth before destiny gives us permanent success.

Let every man who has conflict, difficulty, discouragement, take thought of the fearless soul of Washington and be revived to struggle on, knowing that in the end success is certain, victory sure. For Washington struggled on through midnight, eating disaster's bitter bread, with Fate's remorseless hand apparently thrusting him ever back; and to all eyes except the eyes of his own faith, the face of God himself turned from him. Let this glorious spirit of the Father of His Country be the spirit of each one of us Americans in our personal life, and of the republic in our national existence. Let us move forward with high purpose, knowing that obstacles are but opportunities to prove our worthiness.

With all their wisdom the great men of our early days lacked vision except on the fundamentals of character and natural powers of government. For example, Thomas Jefferson in a formal message to Congress declared that the thirteen original colonies had enough territory to last the American people for a thou-

sand generations—thirty thousand years. One generation proved that absurd. James Madison vetoed a bill to construct a national road because Congress had no power to make internal improvements. To-day continuous use makes this power commonplace.

But in elemental wisdom the lawgivers who established this nation have not been equaled since the greatest lawgiver of all time brought down the sacred tables from Sinai. For example, Washington knew what luxury and extravagance mean to men and nations. He knew that, no matter how resistless our navy, how numberless the soldiers we may rally to our colors, how exhaustless our resources, how powerful our accumulated wealth, if an unregulated extravagance corrupt individual or national character we are a lost people.

Extravagance, personal or national, is immoral. It is a theft of the future. It is the result of a dishonest bookkeeping of character. Prosperity powerfully tempts men and nations to this vice; and the ability to resist it shows

whether man or nation deserves prosperity. Loose habits of thinking instead of exactness and cleanmindedness; slippered slovenliness of conduct instead of booted, erect and ready action; resources wasting and desires increasing, with nothing to take the place of what we spend—these are the processes and results of individual and national extravagance.

Against this, the teachings and life of Washington are constant, fierce, determined protest, and no lesson of this life is needed more to-day by the American man and woman in the home and by the American people as a nation. As individuals and as a people we have fallen into the period of waste. The last four decades have been an era of extravagance. Ever since the Civil War we have been exhausting our resources under the boast that we were developing them. But the destruction of wealth is not the creation of wealth, though it may be made to look the same. And this is what we Americans have been doing.

We have cut our forests thoughtlessly, law-

lessly, ruthlessly, as though we had been destroying invaders trying to lay waste the land, instead of citizens trying to preserve the country's strength. We have cut our forests, not for useful purposes alone, but that a dozen men might be absurdly, vulgarly, sometimes criminally enriched; and ten generations must suffer for the making of these worse than useless millionaires. We have ripped the treasuries of ore from our western mountains which, properly taken, might have served the nation for unnumbered years. By the same methods and with the same results we have been exhausting our soil by the unscientific and thoughtless methods of agriculture and put upon the land the burden that tyrants put upon a conquered people, making our fields produce the utmost limit of their yield without returning to the earth the elements of its renewal. In every department of material activity we have rifled our resources as a burglar rifles a bank vault and spent them with the burglar's fevered and hasty recklessness.

The spirit of Washington bids the American people to-day to sober itself from this saturnalia of personal and national extravagance. And the American people will remedy this evil. No permanent error can find lodgment in the American mind. No enduring wrong can grow in American character. Liberty makes certain our knowledge of the facts, and the discussion of our weakness means its correction. And so it is that free institutions are the great preventative of national degeneration. Liberty of speech; faithful and fearless voices speaking to the millions from pulpit and platform; a free and honest press telling the masses the truth about men and measures—all the elements of free institutions spell optimism.

So we see that free institutions are the self-restorers of American character and conduct. The nature of these eighty millions is also a guaranty of self-recovery and unending advance in purity and power. Luther Burbank, the miracle-worker of modern science, says the processes which are building up the Ameri-

can people are gradually producing the highest type of man and woman. We are refreshing our vitality from the soil. The coarse and vital peasantry that come to us from other lands are human fresh material which our institutions will work into power. Our blood is a mixture of the most virile currents drawn from the veins of the most virile nations, with the Teutonic blood the largest element. And thus this knitting together of the strongest types of all the nations, and the molding of the people thus produced by free institutions, constantly renew and keep us normal, sane and steady.

And so free institutions and elements that make up the American millions will save this nation from degeneration, make it sweet and pure and powerful, increasing in vigor and righteousness as it increases in age and numbers. Thus the dream of Washington shall be realized; for his whole soul yearned for American nationality, his whole life was given to establish American nationality. Nationality! Nationality! Not a confederation of states

whose destiny small and ambitious men might at any time control; but a nation of people united by a common tongue, a common faith, common and mutual interest, and moving forward to a common and single destiny, not under a multitude of petty banners, but beneath one supreme and glorious flag! That was Washington's dream; and such a nation events and the years are building.

We care for prosperity—care for the bending fields of wheat, for merchandise, for commerce; the thunder of our countless factories and the mighty noise of our numberless and overladen trains—all these are high music in the ears of this practical nation. We care for them all, care for them vastly. But more than for all these—more than for gold and opulence, more than for peace and more than for war, we Americans care for righteousness and believe that in the religion of Mary's thorn-crowned Son is found the highest righteousness possible to man. And so we follow the high example of George Washington.

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